

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,  
For I will hence to Warwick's other Daughter,  
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage  
I may not proue inferior to your selfe.  
You that loue me, and Warwick, follow me.

*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

*Rich.* Not I:  
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:  
I stay not for the loue of Edward, but the Crowne.

*King.* Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick?  
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen:  
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.  
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalfe  
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;  
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:  
My selfe in person will straight follow you.

*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But ere I goe, *Hastings* and *Mountague*  
Resolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the rest,  
Are neere to Warwick, by bloud, and by allyance:  
Tell me, if you loue Warwick more then me;  
If it be so, then both depart to him:  
I rather with you foes, then hollow friends.  
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,  
Giue me assurance with some friendly Vow,  
That I may neuer haue you in suspect.

*Mount.* So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.

*Hast.* And *Hastings*, as hee fauours Edwards cause.  
*King.* Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by vs?  
*Rich.* I, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

*King.* Why so: then am I sure of Victorie.  
Now therefore let vs hence, and lose no howre,  
Till wee meet Warwick, with his forcine powre.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Warwick and Oxford in England,  
with French Souldiers.*

*Warw.* Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs.

*Enter Clarence and Somerset.*

But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:  
Speake suddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?

*Clar.* Feare not that, my Lord.

*Warw.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto Warwick,  
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize,  
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart  
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in signe of Loue;  
Else might I thinke, that *Clarence*, Edwards Brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:  
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.  
And now, what rests? but in Nights Couerture,  
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,  
His Souldiers lurking in the Towne about,  
And but attended by a simple Guard,  
Wee may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our Scouts haue found the aduerture very easie:  
That as *Plysses*, and stout *Diomedes*,  
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;  
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,  
At vnawares may beat downe Edwards Guard,  
And feize himselfe: I say not, slaughter him,  
For I intend but onely to surprize him,  
You that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the Name of Henry, with your Leader.  
*They all cry, Henry.*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,  
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.*

*1. Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,  
The King by this, is set him downe to sleepe.  
*2. Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

*1. Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemne Vow,  
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Rest,  
Till Warwick, or himselfe, be quite supprest.  
*2. Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,  
If Warwick be so neere as men report.

*3. Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,  
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

*1. Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefe friend.

*3. Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,  
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,  
While he himselfe keeps in the cold field?

*2. Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

*3. Watch.* I, but giue me worship, and quietnesse,  
I like it better then a dangerous honor.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

*1. Watch.* Vnlesse our Halberds did shut vp his passage.

*2. Watch.* I: wherefore else guard we his Royall Tent,  
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset,  
and French Souldiers, silent all.*

*Warw.* This is his Tent, and see where stand his Guard:  
Courage my Masters: Honor now, or neuer:  
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

*1. Watch.* Who goes there?

*2. Watch.* Stay, or thou dyest.

*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick,  
and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Armes, Armes,  
Warwick and the rest following them.*

*The Drumme playing, and Trumpet sounding.*

*Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King  
out in his Gowne, sitting in a Chaire: Richard  
and Hastings flye over the Stage.*

*Som.* What are they that flye there?

*Warw.* *Richard* and *Hastings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.

*K. Edw.* The Duke?

Why *Warwick*, when wee parted,  
Thou call'dst me King.

*Warw.* I, but the case is alter'd.

When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,  
Then I degraded you from being King,  
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.  
Alas, how should you gouerne any Kingdome,  
That know not how to vse Embassadors,  
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,  
Nor how to vse your Brothers Brotherly,  
Nor how to studie for the Peoples Welfare,  
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from Enemies?

*K. Edw.* Yes,

*K. Edw.* Yea, Brother of Clarence,  
Art thou here too?  
Nay then I see, that Edward needs must downe.  
Yet *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,  
Of thee thy selfe, and all thy Complices,  
Edward will alwayes beare himselfe as King:  
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,  
My minde exceeds the compasse of her Wheele.  
*Warw.* Then for his minde, be Edward Englands King.

*Takes off his Crowne.*

But Henry now shall weare the English Crowne,  
And be true King indeede: thou but the shadow.  
My Lord of Somerset, at thy request,  
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conuey'd  
Vnto my Brother Arch-Bishop of Yorke:  
When I haue fought with *Pembroke*, and his fellowes,  
He follow you, and tell what answer  
*Lewis* and the Lady *Bona* send to him.  
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

*They leade him out forcibly.*

*K. Ed.* What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;  
It boots not to resist both winde and tide.

*Oxf.* What now remains my Lords for vs to do,  
But march to London with our Soldiers?

*War.* I, that's the first thing that we haue to do,  
To free King Henry from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in the Regall Throne.

*Enter Rivers, and Lady Gray.*

*Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this sodain change?  
*Gray.* Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learne  
What late misfortune is befallne King Edward?

*Riv.* What losse of some pitch battell  
Against Warwick?

*Gray.* No, but the losse of his owne Royall person.  
*Riv.* Then is my Soueraigne slaine?

*Gray.* I almost slaine, for he is taken prisoner,  
Either betrayd by falshood of his Guard,  
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at vnawares:

And as I further haue to vnderstand,  
I am committed to the Bishop of Yorke,

Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.

*Riv.* These Newes I must confesse are full of greefe,  
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,  
Warwick may loose, that now hath wonne the day.

*Gray.* Till then, faire hope must hinder liues decay:  
And I the rather waine me from dispaire

For loue of Edwards Off-spring in my wombe:  
This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And beare with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:  
I, for this I draw in many a teare,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighes,  
Least with my sighes or teares, I blast or drowne

King Edwards Fruite, true heyre to th' English Crowne.

*Riv.* But Madam, where is Warwick then become?

*Gray.* I am inform'd that he comes towards London,  
To set the Crowne once more on Henries head,

Guest thou the rest, King Edwards Friends must downe.  
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken Faith)  
He hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,

To saue (at least) the heire of Edwards right:  
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:  
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,  
If Warwick take vs, we are sure to dye.

*Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Rich.* Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,  
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,  
Into this cheefest Thicket of the Parke.  
Thus stand the case: you know our King, my Brother,  
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands  
He hath good vsage, and great liberty,  
And often but attended with weak guard,  
Come hunting this way to disport himselfe.  
I haue aduertis'd him by secret meanes,  
That if about this houre he make this way,  
Vnder the colour of his vsuall game,  
He shall heere finde his Friends with Horse and Men,  
To set him free from his Captiuitie.

*Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.*

*Huntsman.* This way my Lord,  
For this way lies the Game.

*King Edw.* Nay this way man,  
See where the Huntsmen stand.

Now Brother of Gloster, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,  
Stand you thus close to steale the Bishops Deere?

*Rich.* Brother, the time and case, requireth hast,  
Your horse stands ready at the Parke-corner.

*King Ed.* But whether shall we then?

*Hast.* To Lyn my Lord,  
And shipt from thence to Flanders.

*Rich.* Wel guest beleue me, for that was my meaning  
*K. Ed.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardnesse.

*Rich.* But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talke.  
*K. Ed.* Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

*Hunt.* Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.  
*Rich.* Come then away, lets ha no more ado.

*K. Ed.* Bishop farewell,  
Sheeld thee from Warwickes frowne,  
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crowne.

*Flourish.* *Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick,  
Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,  
and Lieutenant.*

*K. Hen.* M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends  
Haue shaken Edward from the Regall seate,  
And turn'd my captiue state to libertie,  
My feare to hope, my sorrowes vnto ioyes,  
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?

*Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains  
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,

I then craue pardon of your Maiestie.

*K. Hen.* For what, Lieutenant? For well vsing me?

Nay, be thou sure, he well requite thy kindnesse.  
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:

I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds  
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,  
At last, by Notes of Household harmonie,  
They quite forget their losse of Libertie.